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A Night at the Gaming Table.

AN EPISODE OF REAL LIFE.

In the year 185–, a party were seated round a table in the social hall of a steamboat on the Mississippi, playing cards. They had played from about 9 o'clock in the evening till near midnight. The party consisted of four persons, two of whom were notorious gamblers, and the other two were frank unsuspecting countrymen who had been to New Orleans to dispose of their produce, and were returning home. Near midnight, one of the countrymen arose from the table, saying to his partner:

'Luck's against us, Bob! Might as well try to beat the devil himself as these fellows!'

'Oh! for God's sake don't quit yet!—Give me some chance to get back my money!'

'No use, Bob, I'm nigh busted. Pretty near clean swept out.'

Despair seemed written on every lineament of Bob's features, when he found that he could no longer persuade his friend to play.

At last he said to several that had been watching the game:

'Won't some of you gentlemen take my partner's place?'

There was a pause for a few moments, then a young man scarcely one-and-twenty, took the vacant seat, saying:

'If you have no objection, I'll try my hand.'

'Agreed!' was the reply.

Another pack was brought; the stranger opened them, saying:

'I want a pack of another color. These are the same color as they have been playing with. We might as well change the color just for luck.'

The gamblers exchanged glances.

Another pack was brought, the game commenced, and the gambler won. Bob grew uneasy.

'Come let's double the stakes!' said the stranger, whose turn it was to deal.

'Just as you like,' said the gamblers.

The stakes were doubled and the stranger and his partner won. A gleam of sunshine illumined Bob's countenance.—Another game was played. Bob and his partner were again successful. The stakes increase—the gamblers lose.

'Barkeeper, bring us another pack of cards of another color from these,' said the stranger, who was about to deal.

One of the gamblers looked at his partner, while a dark frown overspread his features.

Three more games were played, and Bob had retrieved his losses. The stranger again called for another pack of cards. At this one of the gamblers exclaimed—'No more changing! We play with these!'

'You play with what you please;' replied the young man, as an almost imperceptible smile passed over his features, 'but if my partner and myself play, we must have another pack.'

Bob looked at his partner and then at George.

'Stick to what your partner says, Bob. He's the right stripe and will come out head horse, or I'm a nigger!' Exclaimed George, slapping Bob on the shoulder.

'I agree to what my partner says,' said Bob, in reply to the gambler's looks of inquiry.

The gamblers exchanged looks, and then consented to the arrangement.

Four more games were played and each time Bob and the stranger won. It was again the strangers deal. One of the gamblers watched him closely, and suddenly exclaimed—

'You—you young villain! Cheating are you?'

'Playing with you at your own game. I have watched you all night, and saw you cheat my partner and his friend. Even now you have got a dozen cards in the sleeves of your coat. I never play on the square with thieves,' replied the stranger hastily, as a deadly paleness overspread his features.

A knife gleamed in the gambler's hand, and, as the blow aimed at the stranger descended, a dozen cards fell from his sleeve on the table. This was noticed by all the bystanders. The stranger avoided the blow and with a rapid movement caught the assailant by the throat giving his cravat a twist, and they both rolled on the floor. While this was taking place the spectators prevented the other gambler from interfering; in the struggle a number of other cards dropped from his coat.—The social hall now became a scene of confusion.

'Game! clear grit, by thunder!, exclaimed George, as he with others separated the combatants.

The gambler's face and breast was covered with blood, as was also the young stranger's hand.

'Has the white livered theif stabbed you my young hickory?' said George as he pulled the young man towards the light.

'No, I guess not.'

But the blood dropped fast from the young man's hand, and upon washing off the blood, it was discovered that his right thumb was nearly severd. In the scuffle he succeeded in disarming the gambler, and thus probably saved his life. The wound was dressed and bound up, and the stranger returned to the social hall. The gambler was chafing with rage, eyeing him with a demoniac look, and shaking his fist at him he exclaimed:

'I allow no man to call me a thief, and you must give me satisfaction!'

'I'll give you any satisfaction you want, you cowardly cut-throat,' was the reply.

'And if you can't, I'm the chap that will!' exclaimed George, throwing off his coat and hat.

'Stop my friend, this is my quarrel, and I will allow no man to take my place in it!'

'Good, my young Davy; but that fellow is big enough to swallow you.'

'Yes; but he can't digest me!'

'It wouldn't be a fair fight,' interposed several of the bystanders.

'Well, there's something that nullifies brute force, and places all on an equal footing.'

'That's the talk, Davy. You are my man,' exclaimed George slapping him on the back.

'He's right!' said one of the bystanders, a man about forty years old, stepping forward, 'The young man is right, and I'm his friend in the matter. It's as clear as day, and the affair can soon be settled.'

The speaker had been a Major in the Texan Revolution, and he led the stranger down the cabin towards his state room telling the gambler to have things arranged within fifteen minutes. When they reached the state-room the Major said:

'How is it that a person of your age understands so much about cards as to beat those old gamblers?'

'Curiosity led me to study them; but I never play but for amusement. Most of the tricks I learned from a fellow boarder, who had spent a great part of his time at the gambling table. I noticed that these honest countrymen had been swindled, and thought it would be an act of charity to beat the gamblers with their own weapons, and recover the money for my partner and his friend. Every time I noticed the gamblers secrete the cards, I called for another pack of cards of a different color, and watched them too closely to give them a chance to cheat me in a deal.—They did not suspect till near the finish of our play. You know the rest.'

'Pretty good' But do you think you could face that fellow's fire? He is an old hand at the business.'

'But he's a coward, or he would not have drawn a knife on me. Yet if it can be avoided I would rather not meet him. I would not like to have him meet his death at my hands, nor would I like to sacrifice my life for so unworthy a purpose.'

'It's too late to back out now.'

'Can't it be settled?'

'No! if you refuse to meet him, every one will pronounce you a coward.'

'Well, if it must be, I suppose it must, but I have no weapons'

'Never mind that; I have a pair of dueling pistols, and so if you have any arrangements to make, be about it, for time is short, and the affair should be settled before it gets noised about the boat. I'll see to other matters.'

'Stay! make the distance short.'

'Only the breadth of the boat.'

So saying, the young man went to his own state-room, but soon returned and seated himself by a table in the cabin and commenced writing. His face was pale—deadly pale—but there was a fixedness of features that at once told that his mind was made up. A tear coursed down his cheeks as he wrote—but probably that tear was for those far away, yet still to memory dear. Strange thoughts flitted through his mind—so young, and yet to stand on the brink of death—to make one fearful plunge into that dark unknown river, and to be carried by its current into the ocean of eternity to return no more.—

A lifetime passed before his view in a moment. Yet the Genius said, 'go on—too late!' To die, or kill—either was a dreadful reflection. Yet the proud passions of youth would not submit to reflections.—It must be done, and the sooner it is over the better—so reasoned passion, and passion triumphed. When he had finished his writing, he gave it to the Major, requesting him to follow the directions which he would find in a note addressed to himself, in case he should fall. Also to give his winnings to George to make up for the loss he had sustained.

They went upon the upper deck of the boat. It was a calm still night. The moon shone forth in all its pale splendor. As far as the eye could reach nothing but frost and water met the gaze. The boat had just rounded to for the purpose of wooding, and when she was again under way, the young stranger, his second, and three other persons anxiously awaited the approach of the gambler. Scarcely a word was spoken, none felt disposed to disturb the silence that reigned. Half an hour passed and the gambler came not.—It was suggested that a man go in search of him. The messenger soon returned and reported that both gamblers had left the boat at the wood yard. When the young man heard this, a fervent 'Thank God!' escaped from his lips, and the party retired to seek repose in sleep.

MR. SNIPE'S LITANY.—From tailor's bills, doctor's pills, western chills, and other ills—deliver us!

From want of gold, wives that scold, maidens old, and by "sharpers sold"—preserve us!

From stinging flies, coal-black eyes, baker's pies, and baby cries—deliver us!

From strong-minded women, female lecturers, and other masculine ladies—preserve us!

From seedy coats, wrested notes, and sinking boats—protect us!

From creaking doors, a wife that snores, "confounded bores" and dry goods—protect us!

From colic's gripes, Paddy's pipes, and Mrs. Snipes—deliver us!

From modest girls, with waving curls, and teeth of pearls—never mind.

KNOW NOTHINGS—The following illustrates pretty well how some people are obliged to answer questions about the Know Nothings:

"Hans, what you tink of der know nudings?"

"Isch not know."

"Vell, vot dosh you tink?"

"I tink nutting."

"By tam, dat ish shust vot I tinks."

Celebrated Trials in Kentucky.

The termination of the Ward trial in Kentucky will pardon, if it should not impart interest, to the account which follows, of some of the most remarkable cases of murder and street assassination, which have occurred in that Commonwealth within the memory of the present generation. A late number of the Louisville Journal remarks upon the fact, that few, or no instances of violence in open day, resulting in death, are capitally punished either in Kentucky or any other portion of the south or south-west. This, for the peace of society, is unfortunately so; but we doubt whether in the bloody catalogue of this description of crime, there is a single instance so nearly approaching wilful, deliberate and unprovoked murder, in the first degree, without the apology of sudden heat, or the maddening influence of drink, or the manly plea of an equality of chances, as the shooting of Professor Butler. The case of Shelby, at Lexington, to which we shall presently refer, is the nearest approach to it, and this has the extenuation of drunkenness, which its parallel has not.

The killing of Benning, the editor of the Kentucky Gazette, in his own office, by young Charles Wickliffe, in 1828, was one of the unhappy results of the violent political excitement of the period between the respective adherents of Mr. Clay and Gen. Jackson. This excitement about Lexington, as about the Hermitage, ran into bitter personal animosities. The Wickliffe family were then divided in politics. Robert Wickliffe, Senior, whose son was embroiled in this difficulty, was professedly a friend of Mr. Clay, which led to a phillipic against his family in the Gazette, the Jackson organ, over the signature of Dentatus. The editor, although he had every reason to know that the author would be held to responsibility, refused on the demand of young Wickliffe, to surrender his name; an altercation ensued, and Bennington, the editor, was shot dead. The greatest possible excitement, both of a personal and party nature, followed, and the trial of Wickliffe was not permitted to take place until many years after when the Adams administration had given place to General Jackson, and Mr. Clay had retired to his profession at Lexington. That gentleman, in whose cause Wickliffe had, in a measure become involved in a murder, appeared at the Bar in his defence. His speech on the occasion was one of remarkable fire and eloquence—appealing less to the sympathies of the jury on behalf of the prisoner, than exciting their prejudices against and contempt for the men who had left Benning on the post of real danger, which they had not the manliness to occupy themselves, though willing to use through his columns, the weapons of the skulking bravo. These men were Mr. Clay's bitter persecutors, in the canvas of 1828, and he had little reason to respect and less to spare them on a capital trial, involving the life of his friend, and which their work had brought about. The result was the acquittal of Wickliffe; but neither his culpability as principal, nor Mr. Clay's position as counsel, will compare with the Ward case, or its volunteer defence by Mr. Crittenden. Neither the motive to the killing nor the duty of the advocate was the same.

We do not know that Mr. Clay was repaid in after years, for his service in this remarkable trial, by the gratitude of the Wickliffe family. The "Old Duke" Robert—as the senior, because of his extensive landed estate, was called—never loved Mr. Clay overmuch. Personally, they had been cotemporaries at the Lexington Bar, and leading and active members of the same influential community. But Mr. Clay was the superior in commanding influence, irrespective of politics, and Mr. Wickliffe was rich and ambitious, but not popular with the masses. The young Duke, Robert Wickliffe, Jr., like his father, fell into the support of Gen. Harrison, in 1840, and after his death become a Tyler-man, was sent to Turin as Charge d'Affaires, at which court he married an Italian lady, and was continued at the same post, as a Democrat, by Mr. Polk, and died some years after his recall by Gen. Taylor. His father deceased, if we mistake not, only a year or two ago. Young Charles, who was acquitted for killing Benning, met a violent death himself, some years after, in a duel with young Trotter, of Fayette county. They fought with rifles, and Wickliffe fell on the first fire. The affair ruined Trotter. He became a desperate and unhappy man, and was subsequently involved in a personal difficulty with Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, and came off second best in a street attack upon that gentleman with pistols.

In 1838, just ten years after the occurrence at Lexington, to which we have alluded, a desperate and wholesale butchery took place at the Galt House, in Louisville, for which the homicides were so execrated by the community, that their counsel moved a change of venue to Harrodsburg, where they were tried on two counts, murder and manslaughter, and defended with great ability by S. S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, of which State the prisoners were citizens, and acquitted on the plea of self-defence. A case of justifiable homicide was certainly made plausible, if not entirely conclusive, as the prisoners were called upon by a party said to be armed, for explanation or redress, at their own hotel, for an assault one of them had made on a merchant tailor on very slight provocation the same day. The most horrid feature of the affair, and the one that excited the greatest indignation, was the summary use of the murderous bowie-knife. No parley was held with the assailants.—One of them was literally cut to pieces, and the other fatally stabbed, the prisoners, owing to the inequality of weapons, coming off with little injury. The original dispute was about the fit of a wedding suit for one of the prisoners. The wedding came off, we believe before the trial and acquittal, at Harrodsburg, the prisoners being at large on bail.

Another unfortunate affair took place in Louisville, a few years after this, with the circumstances of which our memory is not particularly charged. It resulted in the death by shooting, of Mr. Leonard Bliss, a young gentleman of literary pursuit from one of the Northern States; the friend and assistant of Mr. Prentice of the Journal, at the hands of Mr. Godfrey Pope, connected with a rival paper. The provocation universally regretted, although Pope, on a change of venue to Shelby county, we believe was acquitted on his trial.

The last of this character to which we propose to refer, was the unprovoked murder of a young drug salesman in the Phoenix Hotel at Lexington, by a member of the Shelby family. There was no previous acquaintance or altercation between Shelby and his unoffending victim. They met at the dinner table; Shelby intoxicated or laboring under the effects of itoxication. The fancied insult which prompted him to use the firearms, which are almost as commonly worn by the idle or sporting young bloods of the State as side arms by the nobility in England a century or two ago, was that the salesman took the liberty of eyeing him across the table, from which he was commanded to desist, and upon making some quiet or perhaps dignified or indifferent reply, he was shot through the heart. The occurrence was sudden, uncalled for, and dastardly in the highest degree, but it was the act of a maddened inebriate, whose wealthy and influential family procured the ablest counsel—Mr. Clay of the number, much to the regret of many of his friends—to defend him on this plea, as they did do, successfully.

A correspondent has called our attention to another murderous occurrence, or rather a serious or deadly affray, between two families in Garrard county. But this family feud, came down from one generation to another, in which both parties were in a large measure culpable, and the fatal events of which are scarcely to be quoted as an illustration of the course of criminal jurisprudence in the Commonwealth.

In the capital offences of Kentucky, punished as such by the death penalty, there are two or three very remarkable cases of circumstantial murder, by lying in wait for revenge or shooting with intent to rob, the records of which are refreshed by the Ward trial. The murder of Baker by Desha, in 1825, we have already referred to, but without alluding to the attempted suicide of the murderer while in jail, which led to a surgical operation on his windpipe, which he cut with a razor, instead of cutting the carotid artery. The act of the murder of Baker was not seen by a single witness. The last person seen with him as Desha and the first person to whom his ready money was traced was Kesha. He would never confess the crime however, and it was found exceedingly difficult to fasten so horrid a crime upon the son of the Governor of the Commonwealth committed for the mean motive of enjoying his victim's money, about $60 in amount.

There was an early occurrence, under somewhat similar circumstances as early as 1819–20, in the county of Barren, for which the supposed murderer, John Hamilton, was convicted and executed. The standing of Hamilton's family was as inconsistent with the crime of murder as Desha's. His father was wealthy, and an exemplary member of the Presbyterian Church, and the state and circumstances of his brothers and sisters rather above the ordinary class of country society. They were esteemed proud and haughty by their neighbors, and this was the great misfortune to the supposed murderer on his day of trial. His family had a reasonable share of wealth They were exemplary withal, but not popular in their bearing, and too proud to make their wealth influential. John Hamilton was the eldest son. He was a bold speculator, making his annual adventures to New Orleans, conducted at that day chiefly on flat-boats; the master and hands returning by steam or overland through the Indian country. On one of these trips Hamilton fell in with a Dr. Sanderson, of Natchez, on his way to Kentucky to purchase negroes for the plantations then settleing on the lower Mississippi. Hamilton was a man of the world, of pleasing address and captivating manners. He soon won Sanderson's confidence, and took him to his father's house, which he made his temrary home. He had a large amount of money with him in United States Bank notes.

On the morning the two set out together at or before sunrise, Sanderson to go to a distant part of the neighborhood to look at some negroes. In about an hour, by the sun, Hamilton and a stranger were seen to pass a cabin by the roadside, and soon after the witness, (the milk-woman belonging to the cabin,) heard what she supposed to be the report of a gun. The horse of Sanderson returned that day the house of the senior Hamilton without his saddle, and John Hamilton went to the town of Glasgow, some twelve miles distant, also the same day, where he paid off certain debts in United States Bank notes. The disappearance of Sanderson some weeks after led to inquiry and seach. The circumstances of the report of the gun was mentioned by the woman of the cabin, the vicinity was searched by a large party of neighbors, and the body of a stranger, his saddle and riding trowsers, discovered in a natural well or sink in the woods. The body was much decayed, and the head mutilated by the fatal shot. The riding habit was identified as Sanderson's by a member of Hamilton's family, and the saddle and returned horse were confessedly the same that he started with on the morning of his disappearance.

The circumstance against Hamilton were strong, but no means conclusive.—The prejudices against his family in the immediate neighborhood, caused the evidence on trial to be pushed to the extreme against him. He protested his innocence to the last. He could even account for some of the circumstances against him, but he could not establish an alibi, as against the testimony of the principal witness, and he was hanged, after his family had spent thousands in his defence—and the murder remains, in the estimation of the few who deemed him incapable of the deed, an unexplained mystery to this day.

The last capital case which we shall advert to, occurred in 1825, and was one of singular revenge for a wrong to which the murderer voluntarily made himself a party several years after it was committed.—His name was Beachamp. His sympathies were excited by the forlorn condition of a Miss Cook, residing in one of the Green River counties, whose seduction had been attempted, perhaps accomplished, by Dr. Solomon Sharp, who afterward married and removed to Frankfort, the capital of the State to practice his profession. Beauchamp solicited the hand of Miss Cook in marriage, and his offer was accepted. He then assumed her companionship in right of husband, and secretly determined to avenge her early wrongs. He made the journey to Frankfort to this end, armed himself with a poignard, proceeded under the cover of night to Sharp's residence, first making himself familiar with the locality, used the name of a well-known friend to decoy him to the door in his night clothes, gave the fatal stab, and disappeared from the town. It was some days before the trace of the assassin was discovered. He was then pursued, arrested, tried and convicted, but wholly on circumstantial evidence as he had taken good care to disguise his entrance into and departure from the town of Frankfort. After his conviction, and awhile awaiting his doom in prison, he prepared with his own hand a full narrative and confession of the motive and guilt of the deed, and when the day of execution arrived, his wife, who was suffered to remain in prison with him and himself, mutually administered poison, which speedily ended her miseries, but not so his own. He was borne to the gallows half dead, a horrid spectacle of the effects of mental and physical agony, and executed in this condition by the sheriff of the county.

The publication of Beauchamp's confession caused much sensation throughout the country. There was a degree of wilp romance and of an insane chivalry in the motive of the deed, which, with the incidents of its deadly execution and of the final catastrophe, gave to the TRUTH of the narrative, a strangeness that required no color of FICTION to heighten its interest or effect.

From Eliza Cook's Journal,

The Studies of Nature.

"Stand out of my sunshine!" said Diogenes to Alexander, when the emperor asked what service he could render him. Haughty as the philosopher's reply may sound, it merely expresses the honest independence which every highly-cultivated and well-balanced mind may feel towards those who possess nothing better than the accidental distinctions of rank or fortune. He indeed deserves our pity who needs the condescending smile of the proud, or the heartless flattery of the vain, either to rouse him to exertion or warm him to happiness.

The power of self-excitement is the most desireable of all attainments, and it is the most rare. To love knowledge merely for its usefulness—to form and strengthen virtuous dispositions, with the hope of no other reward than the deep tranquility they bring—is a task achieved by few; yet it is the only simple and direct road to lasting happiness. He who can find intellectual excitement in the fall of an apple, or the hues of a wild flower, may well say to the officious world, "Stand out of my sunshine." To him nature is an open volume where truths of the loftiest import are plainly written; and the temptations and anxieties of this life have no power to cast a shadow on its broad and beautiful pages.

I do not mean that solitude is bliss, even where enjoyment is of the purest kind.—An eminence that places us above the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of social life, must indeed be an unenviable one; but that which puts us beyond the reach of the ever-varying tide of circumstances and opinion is surely desirable; and nothing on which the mind can be employed tends so much to produce this state of internal sunshine as the study of Nature in her various forms.

Politics, love of gain, ambition of renown, everything, in short, which can be acted upon by the passions of mankind, have a corroding influence on the human soul. But Nature, ever majestic and serene, moves on with the same stately step and beaming smile, whether a merchantman is wrecked or an empire overthrown. The evil's of man's heart pollute all with which they can be incorporated; they cannot defile her holy temple. The doors are indeed closed against the restless and the bad; but the radiant goddess is ever at the altar, willing to smile upon all who are pure enough to love her quiet beauty.

Ambition may play a mighty game—it may task the sinews of nations, and make the servile multitude automaton dancers to its own stormy music—but sun, and moon and stars go forth on their sublime mission independent of its power, and its utmost efforts cannot change the laws which produce the transient glory of the rainbow.

Avarice may freeze the genial current of affection; and dry up all the spring of sympathy within the human soul, but it cannot diminish the pomp of summer, or restrain the prodigality in autumn. Fame may lead us on in pursuit of glittering phantoms, until the diseased mind losses all relish for substantial good: but it cannot share the eternity of light, or the immortality of the minutest atom.

He who has steered his bark ever so skillfully through the sea of politics, rarely, if ever, finds a quiet haven. His vexations and his triumps have all been of an exciting character; they have depended on outward circumstances, over which he has very limited power; and when the turbulent scene has passed away, he finds too late that he has lived on the breath of others, and that happiness has no home within his heart.

And what is the experience of him who has existed only for wealth? who has safely moored his richly-freighted vessel in the spacious harbor of successful commerce? Does he find that happiness can, like modern love be bought with gold? You may see him hurrying about to purchase it in small quantities, wherever the exhibition of taste and talent offer it for sale; but the article is too ethereal to be baled for future use, and it soon evaporates amid the emptiness of his intellectual warehouse,

He that lives only for fame will find that happiness and renown are scarcely speaking acquaintance. Even if he could catch the rainbow he has so eagerly pursued, he would find its light fluctuating with each changing sun-beam, and fading at the touch of every passing cloud.

Nor is he who has wasted the energies of his youth in disentangling the knotty skein of controversy more likely to find the evening of his days serene and tranquil. The demon of dogmatism or of doubt may have grappled him closely, and converted his early glow of feeling, and elasticity of thought, into rancorous prejudice or shattered faith.

But the deep streams of quiet thought, and pure philosophy gush forth abundantly from all the hiding places of Nature; there is no drop of bitterness at the fountain; the clear waters reflect none of the Protens forms of human pride, and ever, as they flow, their peaceful murmurs speak of heaven.

The enjoyment that depends on powerful excitement saps the strength of manhood, and leaves nothing for old age but discontent and desolation. Yet we need amusements in the decline of life, even more than in its infancy, and where shall we find any so safe, satisfactory, and dignified, as battery and barometer, telescope and prism?

Electric power may be increased with less danger than man's ambition; it is far safer to weigh the air than a neighbor's motives; it is more disquieting to watch tempests lowering in the political horizon, than it is to gaze at volcanoes in the moon; and it is much easier to separate and unite the colors in a ray of light, than it is to blend the many colored hues of truth, turned out of their course by the sharp corners of angry controversy.

Finally he who drinks deeply at the fountain of natural science, will reflect the cheerfulness of his own spirit on all things around. If the sympathy of heart and mind be within his reach, he will enjoy it more keenly than other men; and if solitude be his portion, he can in the sincerity of a full and pious mind, say to all the temptations of fame and pleasure, "Stand ye out of my sunshine!"

Fate of Fast Men.

The vicious die early. They fall like shadows, or tumble like wrecks and ruins into the grave—often when quite young—always before forty. The wicked "liveth not out half their days." The world at once ratifies the truth, and assigns the reason by describing the desolute as "fast men;" that is they live fast; they spend their twelve hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping out of sight and into darkness, while others are in the glory of life. "Their sun goes down while it is yet day." And they might have helped it. Many a one dies long before he need. Your men of genius, like Burns and Byron, to whom—when dissipated and profligate, thirty-seven is so fatal; and your obscure and name, less "wandering stars," who waste their youth in libertine indulgence; they cannot live long. They must die early. They put on the steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such a rate that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by reckless speed and rapid wear.—Nothing can save them. Their physical system cannot stand the strain they put it to; while the state of their minds is often such that the soul would rot the most robust body, and make for itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of its own thoughts.—*Rev. T. Binney.*

THE LABOR QUESTION.—The following are the provisions of a bill introduced into the New York Legislature, in reference to labor:

Sec. 1. Makes ten hours a legal day's labor in all cases.

Sec. 2. No man shall employ a child under ten years of age.

Sec. 3. No man shall employ a child under fifteen years old to work over five hours a day.

Sec. 4. Persons employing children shall see that they attend school five half days in each week.

Sec. 5. Guardians shall bind out children under these provisions.

Sec. 6. Agriculturists shall give children in their employ at least four months schooling each year.

Sec. 7. The penalty is five dollars for each day's violation. The act to take effect on the 4th of July, 1855.

The editor of a newspaper out west has been bled to increase the *circulation* of his paper.